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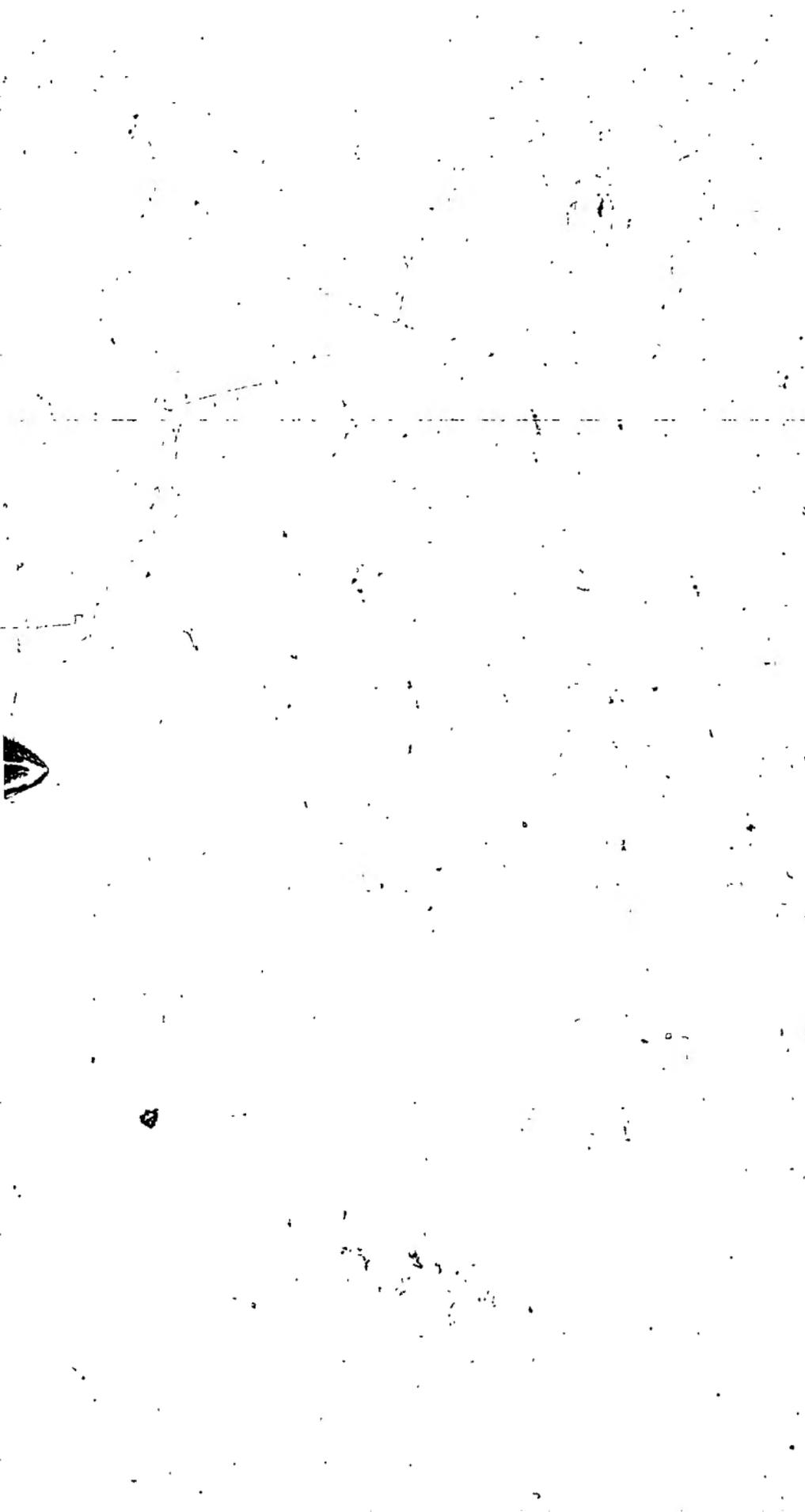
THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

LONDON CANADA

Dr. C. Cameron Waller,
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Watson Kirkconnell

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Contents

Aiken, Donald Leatham, "Adventure"	5
Anderson, Nanna, "If I might"	6
Baerg, Anna G., "By the graveyard-wall"	7
Benson, Irene Chapman, "Lament"	8
Chaikivsky, P. B., "To my wife"	9
Cornell, Mary, "The first snow-storm"	10
Coupe, James T., "Childhood"	11
Dahlgren, Frances, "Sonnet"	13
De la Lande, A. C., "I saw the leaves fall"	14
Donaghy, Francis H., "Entreaty"	15
Ewing, Elinor, "Inarticulate"	16
Hopper, Clara, "These plains are haunted"	17
Hornfjord, B. J., "The turn of the year"	18
Horton, Ernest J., "Nocturne"	19
Jonsson, Einar P., "Spring's resurrection"	20
Lambert, Gertrude M., "Autumn leaves"	21
Lindberg, August, "The way of life"	22
Palsson, P. S., "Heavy sea"	24
Peters, Peter, "The world of stars"	25
Rosier, Luc, "It was my mother"	26
Semeta, D., "Autumn in the foothills"	27
Sister Angela, "Autumn thoughts"	28
Thompson, Eleanor Robson, "The chimes"	29
Tod, D. S., "Prairie grasses"	30
Trut, Israel, "Our youth"	31
Whitmore, Ella A., "Afterglow"	32

Preface



HIS chapbook is the by-product of a poetry contest inaugurated by the Manitoba branch of the Canadian Authors' Association. The published rules asked for short poems in any language and on any subject, and offered two prizes of ten dollars and five dollars respectively. Only residents of Manitoba were eligible to compete.

The interest aroused throughout the province surprised even the sanguine instigators of the competition. From 120 towns and cities came 418 poems written by 262 contestants in eleven different languages: Danish, Dutch, English, French, Gaelic, German, Icelandic, Polish, Swedish, Ukrainian and Yiddish. Three-quarters of the poems were in English; German came next in numerical importance; and then Ukrainian, Icelandic, and French, in that order. No other language-group had more than three entries.

The committee of judges consisted of Professor Aaron J. Perry, Arthur L. Phelps, and Watson Kirkconnell. The first prize was awarded to (Mrs.) Irene Chapman Benson for an English sonnet entitled "Lament" (see page 8), and the second prize to Einar P. Jonsson for an Icelandic lyric "Upprissa Vorsins" (see page 20).

The original announcement of the competition conveyed the threat that a number of the better poems might ultimately be issued in chapbook

form. The not inconsiderable labor incurred by the judges, together with their conviction that considerable merit had been unearthed in the process, has led them to undertake the issue of this little volume.

The poems are printed according to the alphabetical order of the poets' surnames, regardless of the language used. Qualitative analysis has reduced the language-groups to seven. The problem of combining even these in a single volume has been formidable; but the difficulties have been happily solved by the enterprise of the Israelite Press and the kind co-operation of other foreign language presses in this city. The result is a volume quite unique in the history of Canadian poetry. Manitoba is a province of fifty languages, and we hope that this chapbook may convey to other parts of the Dominion some hint of the rich and varied potentialities inherent in this mingling of cultures throughout the years to come.

—WATSON KIRKCONNELL.

Winnipeg, April, 1933.



ADVENTURE

I will go down where the sea-birds whirl,
Whirl in the murk and rain,
And the foam and the breakers, jade and pearl,
Sweep to the land again.

I will go down where the cloud-wrack blows
In a screaming nor'east gale;
I will go down where the swift tide flows,
Where the fleeting, ghostly cloud-wrack blows
With the spume and the winds that wail.

I will go down where the grey tides lap
By the wharf in the island bay;
I will spread my sail in the rocky gap
Where the swift tides enter with gurgle and slap
On the ebb of the tides that laugh and lap,
And I'll sail at the break of day.

—DONALD LEATHAM AIKEN (St. James).

EF EG MÆTTI

Ef eg mætti eiga hvílu
uppi' á skýja bólstrunum,
skyldi eg enga gremju grýlu
gera úr mínum lífskjörum.

Ef eg mætti á upphéims hjólum
yfir fara mánalönd,
með blómakrans úr blálofts fjólum
bundinn norðurljósa rönd.

Ef eg mætti á vængjum vindu
víðan fljúga um loftsins geim,
úr kvöldroða mér kyrtil mynda
knýttan daggar-perlu reim.

Ef eg mætti yfir líta
alla hnetti blálofts geims,
skyldi eg ekki ferðum flýta
úr fögrum sölum undra heims.

Lífið yrði ljúfust sela,
lista smiði hugar draums.
Par er ekkert til að tæla
í töfra hallir voða glaums.

—(Mrs.) NANNA ANDERSON (West Selkirk).

(Icelandic)

An der Friedhofsmauer.

Abend ist's. Der Wald liegt düster
Wie in schweren Träumen,
Nur ein heimliches Geflüster
Webt in seinen Räumen.

Hingebettet ihm zu Füßen
Aber rauscht der Weiher,
So als möchte er versüßen
Ihm die Abendseier.

Stillt wird's — In diesem Sinnen
Kommt der Mond gegangen;
Wölkchen durch die Lüfte rinnen
Silbergrau verhangen.

—Drüben an der Kirchhofsmauer
Sanft umhauft von Friede
Lehnt, versenkt in stumme Trauer,
Wandrer wegemüde.

Drunten in dem kühlen Grunde
Liegt sein Kamerade,
Mit dem er einst manche Stunde
Zog dieselben Pfade.

Allgewaltig durch die Seele
Geht die Zeit ihm wieder —
Und er stimmt die Geige helle:
„Noch eins seiner Lieder!“

Und dann greift er in die Saiten —
Auf der Töne Flügel
Wie ein Gruß aus alten Zeiten
Klang's zum stillen Hügel.

—ANNA G. BAERG (Dominion City)

(German)

LAMENT

O conquering plough, thy blade has driven deep
 Into this proud primeval prairie breast;
Now forth from furrowed wounds, in triumph sweep
 Symmetric ranks of grain across the West.
Vanished for aye the vagrant virgin grass,
 The flowers fair, unnamed and numberless,
Fugitives doomed by destiny to pass
 Into the limbo of Forgetfulness.

Yet, in the silence of the star-lit night,
 This pagan prairie heart still holds, enshrined,
Wild memories of the bison's thundering flight,
 And wail of Indian war cry down the wind;
Hears still the death drum, as in aeons gone,
 And sees lost tribes ride forth to meet the dawn!

—IRENE CHAPMAN BENSON (Winnipeg).

СВОЇЙ ДРУЖИНІ

Де засну я сеї ночі, не знаю я, люба,
Чи шум тирси приспить мене, чи свист гиляк дуба...
Засну я десь... та далеко від тебе, кохана,
На війнонці „засну” я десь, що й не діждусь раня.

Як не нині демон смерти скосить мя косою,
— То напевно завтра, люба, десь так „на постою” —
Зрошу землењку святую кровю і сльозами,
І мое тіло чорні круки дерти муть клювами.

Та не можу я, й не смію, собі з’ображені
Як ти, люба, меш за мною тоді сумувати;
Як хмарами сум нависне на личеньку твоїм
І як сльозами меш гасити біль у серці своїм...

Як жах смерти вже глядіти буде в мої очі
(І чи буде се в білу днину, чи темної ночі),
— То послідна моя думка, в останній годині,
Полетить до Тебе, люба, щоб на самотині.

У послідний раз, щиренько, тебе привитати,
Потішити, розважити і поцілувати.
І росказати тобі про все, як своїй дружині,
Що життя своє віддав я — рідній Україні.

—P. B. CHAIKIVSKY (Winnipeg).

(Ukrainian)

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM

Summer lingered o'er the land,
A wizened sprite in haunted places,
A wilted rose leaf in her hand,
Her form begirt with tattered graces.

The little dried stiff stalks, bereft,
Were like the husks of dreams departed;
From bough despoiled and garland cleft
Memories of dead beauty started.

But that was yester-eve; this morn
The world forgets her vanished splendors—
A strange new glory has been born
Out of a sea of frost and embers.

It lies athwart the earth like light
Shaken from suns and stars agleaming;
A flaming whiteness, chill as night,
Across the arid region streaming.

Blinding Purity, mother of men,
Mother of gods and starry passion,
Summer plucks at your robes again,
And warms her lips at your petals ashen.

—MARY CORNELL (Winnipeg).

CHILDHOOD

Kind Memory, carry me back to days
When earth resembled heaven
And I was but a little child,
A boy just barely seven!

I traversed fields and leafy lanes
With little friends so true;
We searched for the hidden robin's nest,
And knew where the wild flowers grew.

We crossed the stream by stepping-stones,
Though the bridge was there complete;
We crossed the stream by stepping-stones
And wet our clothes and feet.

We heard the cuckoo's mystic call,
First far, and then so near;
We heard the linnet pipe his notes
So thrilling and so clear.

We raced along the hawthorn hedge
The five-barred gate to climb,
And heard the rising sky-lark
As he warbled to heaven his chime.

We loved to hear the reaper's song
When his long day's work was done,
And we saw the last of the harvest home
By the gleam of a setting sun.

With joy we picked the ripened fruit,
The apple or the berry;
We filled our baskets over full,
And then turned home so merry.

We searched among the rustling leaves
Brown chestnuts there to find.
The memory of those long gone days
Brings pleasure to the mind.

Let weary folk disparage earth
And speak of rest and heaven;
But I would seek a Paradise
Where I was always seven.

—JAMES T. COUPE (~~Lake Francis~~).

SONNET

You gave me, once, an urn of eastern scent;
Which breathed of strange, intoxicating bloom,
An incense to the sacrificial doom
That waits the slender, dancing girls, who lent
Enchantment to the vessel, as they bent
To worship in the silent, sombre room
Where tapestries, that graced an ancient tomb
Of buried rulers of the Orient,
Were hung. I tipped the dry leaves on the rock
And, as they scattered on the dusty earth,
Their cruel, subtle perfume rose to mock
My memory of days, when joy and mirth
Were constantly with me. Oh, come! unlock
This crypt of absence with its ashen dearth!

FRANCES DAHLGREN (Winnipeg).

J'AI VU TOMBER LES FEUILLES

Rêverie . . .

Elles tombent, les feuilles,
Dans les grands bois glacés
Qui, froides, les recueillent
Comme des trépassés...
Durement sur le sol par l'Aquilon lancées,
On entend le bruit mat d'ossements qu'aux accords
De danses macabres au fond des bois jouées,
L'orchestre fait valser parmi les rameaux morts...
Se ranimant soudain, le tourbillon s'élève
Et monte vers le ciel: c'est le dernier espoir
De retrouver la branche et de reprendre sève;
Mais il retombe, hélas . . . lorsque descend le soir . . .
Et comme chaque deuil nous fait verser des larmes,
Sur les feuilles, la nuit a répandu ses pleurs;
S'étendant sur le sol, jadis si plein de charmes,
Elles vont mourir en silence, sans douleurs . . .

Elles tombent, les feuilles,
Dans les grands bois glacés
Qui, froides, les recueillent
Comme des trépassés . . .
Telles sont, de la vie,
Pauvres illusions,
Nos joies évanouies
Que, mortes, nous pleurons . . .

—A. C. DE LA LANDE (Norwood).

(French)

ENTREATY

Give me again, O Lord, in heaven, a field,
A harvest plain of thick-set yellow wheat,
And over it a round of blue to yield
Perpetual August—wind-blown sunny heat;
A mile beyond, some cottonwoods to stand,
Spectres of beauty, limned against the sky;
Then so, in that familiar pleasant land,
I shall be happy, none more blest than I.

From dark forgetfulness clear memory blooms;
All I ask, Lord, is sky and grain and trees,
And former thoughts—gone back to shaded rooms
Of an old house—having enough with these
To live again in days that long since went,
To dwell with them in peace, at home, content.

—FRANCIS H. DONAGHY (Somerset).

INARTICULATE

There are many moments I remember.
But one . . . It was an evening when we stood
Watching the crimson splendor of the sky.
The setting sun, the red lamp of September,
Lighted our faces as no lantern could;
And though I was too young to wonder why,
And immature, I know I understood
That life was very beautiful and good.

My mother and my sister talked of it,
And marvelled that the sky could be so bright;
Their eyes glowed with the fires its fire had lit.
I went to where my father made no sound;
I placed my hand in his. A greater light
Shone on his face. The spot was holy ground.

—ELINOR EWING (Brandon).

THESE PLAINS ARE HAUNTED

These plains are haunted.

In the thunder roll
There bursts the alarm of ten thousand hooves;
The wolf-voiced wind out-yelps the coyote, mimics
The huge-hubbed ox-cart's eerie, thirling screech
That chilled the blood of unenlightened souls
Like Blackfoot war-cries on a scalping bout.
There, by the rippling river you may hear
The ancient paddle-dip of birch canoes,
The measured chanson of gay voyageurs
At even; beneath these hoary oaks and elms
The homesick skirl of bagpipes wails and wanes,
While burring voices psalm their thanks to One
Who led them safe from dreadful penury,
Through watery wastes and icebergs to these plains,
Fertile, fence-free, and sun-swept.

It may be
Fancy's an ultra-modern radio
Transmitting sounds long faded, long forgot,
From the dim past to mortals . . . but, if not . . .
These plains are haunted. . . .

—(Mrs.) CLARA HOPPER (Winnipeg).

ARAMÓT

Arið gamla oss nú kveður,
öllum sínum kostum meður
öldin það í vef sinn vefur,
við það sjáum aldrei meir.
Skóhljóð þess er húmið hylur,
harm og gleði eftir skilur,
vegfaranða er vinar ylur
vel að minnast þess er deyr.

Tímans oft þó kalt sé kulið,
kvíðum ei þó margt sé dulið,
árið nýja enn er hulið
aðeins vonar stjarna skær.
Gátan leysist dag frá degi,
dimmum hér á lífsins vegi,
óskar stundu einn þó eigi,
annar hrygð að launum fær.

Afram!—Okkar verk að vinna,
vér þá munum gæfu finna,
ýmsu þarf hér oft að hlynna
áhuginn ef nægur er.
Settu marki svo að keppum,
sigurlaun að ending hreppum,
engu glata, engu sleppum
árs þá gæða njótum vér.

—B. J. HORNFJORD (Arborg).

(Icelandic)

NOCTURNE

Across the surface of the lake
The moon has laid her veil of light,
Revealed a path we two may take
Between the curtain-folds of night.

In silvery mist your beauty seems
From every mortal bond set free,
Eternally to float with dreams—
Made one with night and mystery.

Beyond all beat of human heart,
Beyond all barriers that earth makes,
Our spirits meet, and, greeting, part . . .
The moon has set, and morning breaks.

—ERNEST J. HORTON (Winnipeg).

UPPRISA VORSINS

1 dag skal hafin heilög messugjörð
og hringd til vöku svefnins fósturjörð,
og kyntir vitar nýrra árdagselda.

Nú helgast drotni sérhvert ljóð og lag,
því lífið heldur skírnarveizlu í dag
og drekkur erfi undanhalds og kvelda.

Til nýlifs fæðist sérhvert blóm og blað.
Nú blæðir út frá vorsins hjartastað
ein vaxtarelfur öllum máttarmeiri.
Og moldin kniplar grænan gróðrarserk.
Nú gerist lífsins æðsta kraftaverk—
í frjófgan haga breytist blásin eyri.

Við sólris opnast allra heima dýrð.
Í örmum ljóss er gróðrarmoldin skírð
og laugin helguð dropum daggartára.
Í bjarmans faðmi birtast undur ný.
Við blámans úthaf sindrar leifturský
sem spádómsbros frá vöggu vits og ára.

Í mannsins sál hver úthafsalda rís.
Hvert æfintýr í þroskans Paradís
skal frám um aldir geymt í ljóðsins línum.
Í tíbrá hillir skrúðgræn daladrög.
Um dögun voru sett hin fyrstu lög.
Nú lýtur alsælt lífið drotni sínum.

A fjöllin sígur móða mistur-blá.
Sjálf moldin rímast inn í dagsins þrá.
Hver sál á upptök efst við ljóssins brunna.
Og lífið sjálfraðt fóstrar alt og eitt,
hvern ellimann og barnið hjartabreytt,
er vakan ekki vildi svefnins unna.

—EINAR P. JONSSON (Winnipeg).

(Icelandic)

AUTUMN LEAVES

I love the tang of a winter's day,
And a log fire's gleam through the evenings long;
I thrill to the opening buds in May,
And take new life from the birds' first song.

I love the rays of the mid-year sun,
And soft warm rains of summer eves;
But best of all, as the seasons run,
I love the time of falling leaves.

They cover the earth for a last embrace
Like a gorgeous shawl of red and gold;
Till torn, of a sudden, from their place
By harbinger blasts of winter's cold,

They flurry and scurry, race and soar,
Bewildered, storm-tossed, rudely shaken;
Then close to the earth's warm breast once more
They sleep till spring bids the world awaken.

—GERTRUDE M. LAMBERT (Winnipeg).

LIVETS GATA.

I ensamhet, med fåfängt hopp,
jag ofta undrat har
på frågor, vilka ingen här
på jord kan ge mig svar.
Jag haver forskat dag från dag
att jag dem må förstå,
fastän jag vet, att aldrig jag
kan gåtans lösning nå.

Jag gammal är, fast dock så ung
är trött på livets strid.
Min framtid syns mig mörk och kall,
jag saknar hjärtefrid.
Jag saknar det, som livet ger
dess färg och poesi.
Ack lycklig den, vars liv sig ter
i fridfull harmoni.

Vad livets mening är, mig säg,
ifall du den förstår.
Jag forskat har i många år,
men klarhet ej jag får.
Så livets gata blir för mig
ett ord, ett olöst ting.
En port, som aldrig öppnar sig,
att jag må skåda in.

Säg, är väl livet gods och gull,
är det väl glans och prakt?
Det mod, som ryktets vingar bär?
Kanhända ära, makt?
Kanske ett liv i sus och dus
i nöjets virvelstorm
vid dansmusikens glada brus
är livets rätta form?

Och snillet, som i många år
ur kunskapskällan öst,
har livets mening han förstått,
har gatan han väl löst?
Och den, som utur livets bok
sig lär allt rätt och gott,
blir han på gatan mera klok
har svar därpå han fått?

Kanhända han, som fristad har
i hemmets lugna vrå,
vid älskad' barn och makas arm
sig bättre lär förstå?
Det bästa uppå jordens ring
är kärlek, god och ren.
Mot den allt annat — ingenting
Ty störst är kärleken.

Osjälvisk kärlek, god och ren!
Är det på gatan svar?
Nej, nej, o, tusen gånger nej!
En drömbild blott det var.
En dröm så ljuv, ett stjärnekast
utöver nattsvart hav.
En bubbla, strålande, som brast,
ett hopp, som gick i kvav.

Så har jag forskat år från år
och skall väl länge än,
tills jag i graven stiger ned
att bli till jord igen.
Och andra gå i mina spår
att gatan lösa må,
fast ingen, ingen den förstår
och svaret aldrig få.

—AUGUST LINDBERG (Winnipeg).

(Swedish)

HOLSKEFLAN

Af úthafsins fleti þú fæddist, er Rán
í faðmlög við storminn gekk.

En hyldýpið seiðandi hjarta bitt snart,
og heimanmund dýrðlegan fékk;
þá heilögu, ómældu, haftlausu þrá
að hækka og auka þitt vald,
og láta enga hindrun bér hamla því frá
til himins að bera þinn fald.

Og ómælisdjúpið við auganu hló,
sem eilífð mótt breyjandi sál.

Og sólin hún krýndi big kórónu gulls
og kveikti í hjarta bér bál.

En stormurinn—faðir þinn—stoltlega hló
er stærð þín varð ómælanleg.
Hann vissi að bér yrði ekki afluðatt við neitt
og orkan hún bryti þér veg.

En hamarinn kaldráði búinn þín beið
—þinn bani í skauti hans lá.

A árdegi lífs þíns þú entir bitt skeið,
með ófyltar vónir og þrá.

En dýrðlegt var líf þitt og dáséndum fylt
og dagurinn stuttur—en hlýr.

Því himininn, takmark þitt, brosti þér blítt
og beið þín, svo heiður og skír.

Með órætta drauma af hamrinum há
í hyldýpið mæni eg til þín.

Og öfund og viðkvæmni hrífa minn hug
að horfa á þitt útfarar-lín.

Því sælt er að hverfa í hafið sem þú,
við hádegisgeislanna skart,
með óskiftan vilja og æsku og þor
og útsýni töfrandi bjart.

(Icelandic)

—P. S. PALSSON (Winnipeg).

Die Sternenwelt.

Wenn spät des Nachts ich gehe
Allein durch's weite Feld,
Dann meine Augen sieh'n
Gericht't auf's Himmelzelt.

Die goldne Welt der Sterne
Und ihre hebre Pracht;
Der Schein, der aus der Ferne
Zur Welt hernieder lacht,

Erfüllt mich mit Sehnen,
Mit einem innern Zieh'n,
Ich möcht' zur Welt, der schönen,
Der Sterne gerne flieh'n.

Doch, weil dies nicht kann werden,
Besänftige ich mich gern,
Und denke: Diese Erde
Sie ist ja auch ein Stern.

—PETER PETERS (*Gretna*).

(German)

C'ETAIT MA MERE!

Ange de mon enfance, ô douce et tendre mère,
En extase un moment, je te revois enfin,
Et peux te contempler dans mon amour sincère,
O toi que j'ai connue, en un si beau matin.

Car la mélancolie où depuis je m'attarde,
Me remet sous les yeux l'heureux temps du passé,
Quand le jour et la nuit, je t'avais à ma garde,
Où, dans mes langes blancs, souvent tu m'as bercé.

Plus tard sur tes genoux, j'apprenais ma prière,
Et si près de ton coeur, j'ai su comment t'aimer;
Car ce coeur était grand et ta bonté de mère
Savait se prodiguer sans jamais se lasser.

J'ai grandi plein d'espoirs, sous ta main protectrice,
Qui, me guidant toujours, m'éloignait du danger;
Tu me fus ce Mentor, par qui j'ai fui le vice,
J'estimai la vertu, voulus la pratiquer.

Comme un chêne géant sait protéger l'arbuste
Qui végète à son ombre; ou s'élève à son pied;
Ainsi j'eus le plaisir, près de ton âme auguste
De goûter le bonheur, sous ton coeur abrité.

Mère au coeur généreux, vaste comme le monde,
Qui donne sans retour, c'est toi que je connus...
Mais... que dis-je!... ô douleur! ô détresse profonde!...
Cet ange fut ma mère, et cet ange n'est plus...

—LUC ROSIER (St. Boniface).

(French)

ОСІНЬ НА ПІДГІРЮ

Тріпочесь листя на трепеті
Пожовкле з них паде,
Пастух закутаний в вереті
Ягняточка пасе.
Блукає сонно по стернисках
Журба минулих днів,
Туга безнадійна, імлистá
Вколисує до снів.

—D. SEMETA (Winnipeg).

(Ukrainian)

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

When, on an autumn afternoon, I dream
Amid the glory of the colored leaves,
Fond childish hopes come back, and then I deem
Great deeds are past for me, and my heart heaves;
For lofty hopes and aspirations high
Have filled this poor, this sad and humble breast,
And now it seems they've only lived to die
And drop e'en as the flutt'ring leaves to rest.

'Tis well that effort counts up there on high
And that 'tis not success alone is crowned,
For most of us but crawl when we would fly;
Our hopes aspire; we grovel on the ground.
The rustling leaves then murmuring seem to say:
"Does God not bring forth beauty from decay?"

—SISTER ANGELA (Bruxelles).

THE CHIMES

The chimes of old St. Luke's sing sweet the hours,
In cadences of mellow music tell
The sections of the day. How strange, each bell
In harmonizing with its mate, empowers.
Itself to pluck from spaceless Time her flowers
Of rhythm . . . beauty . . . song—and by them quell
Th' unripened evil in us, till its knell
Is tolled, and dragging passion mutes and cowers.

O singing bells, in your small quiet space
Between your chiming, can you hear, within
Your bronze, the answering song that you have caught
From restless hearts of ours: as though the grace
Of pealing bells had purged from us our sin
And searched in us the Power we had sought.

—ELEANOR ROBSON THOMPSON (Winnipeg).

PRAIRIE GRASSES

Growing in lowly meadows,
Surrounded by sheltering trees—
Tangles of hazel and alder
With aspens kissed by the breeze—
Blow, ye prairie grasses!
Bend o'er the meadow-lark's nest!
Dance with the dancing sunbeams!
Swing with the winds of the west!

Hark the shrill voice of the mower!
The prairie hen flutters away.
Fall, ye meadow grasses!
Fall, sweet flowers and hay!
But leave to the winds your fragrance,
Load the soft hours as they pass,
Linger with loitering evening
O breath of the prairie grass!

—D. S. TOD (*Makinak*).

אוֹנוֹ זָעַר, יְוָגָנָט

מייט אוינַן בִּינְקָעֵנְדָע אָוֹן שְׁטוּמָעַ.
מייט שְׁוּעָרָעַ קָעַפַּ, גַּעֲבָוְינְגָעַן צָו עֲרָדָה;
נִיְּמַט אַדוֹר מִיטַּעַנְשָׁן, פָּאָרְלָאָרָעָנָע אָוֹן דּוֹמָעַ.
וּוְיְדִי מִידָּעַ, נִים גַּעֲזִוְיכְּטָעַ פָּעָרָדַ.

סְ'בָּלוֹטַה האָט אַוְיְנָגְעָפְּלָאָמַט, דִּי עַרְשָׁטָעַ שְׁפִּילַ פָּוּן יְוָגָנָט.
דִּי עַרְשָׁטָעַ שְׁפִּילַ פָּוּן הַבְּקָרַ אַיְיָאָה.
נָאָרַסְתָּה האָט זִיךְרַ נִים דָּעַר יְוָגָנָעַן גָּוָפַ בָּאָנוֹנָנָט
מִיטַּ טְרוֹוִים פָּוּן שְׁפָעַטְעָרְדִּיקָעַר וּוּאָרַ.

וּוְאַהֲיוֹןְזָשָׁע וּוּעַט אַדוֹר אַיְוָגָנָעַ שְׁפָאָרָו ?
אוֹ חַאֲרִיוֹןָאָט אַיְזָ נִידְעָרִיךְ בִּיְזָ דִּידְעָרָד !
נִיְּמַט אַדוֹר מִיטַּעַנְשָׁן, וּוְיְפָאָנָרָן ; —
שְׁוַיְזָוָשָׁע אָוָנְטָעָרְגָּיָן זָאָגָאָנָצָן דָּוָרַ בָּאָשָׁעָרָט ? ! . . .

נִים קַיְוַן טְרָעָרַ בָּאוֹוִיּוֹת זִיךְרַ אַיְזָ דִּי אוֹיְנָן,
נִים קַיְוַן טְרָעָרַ בָּאוֹוִיּוֹת זִיךְרַ אַוְיְפַן פָּנִים.
וּוְיְאַגְּנָצָעַ דָּוָר זִיְוָן וּוּעַגְּ אַוְיְפַן שָׁאָרָפַ פָּאָרְבָּוְיָן
וּוְיְדִי הַיְלָפְּלָאָוּ, פָּאָרְלָאָרָעָנָע נָאָרָאָנִים . . .

—ISRAEL TRUT (Winnipeg).

(Yiddish)

AFTERGLOW

Folded is every wing, and day is done;
A wandering bat resumes his aimless flight;
A breath of musk pursues the setting sun,
And greyness masks the watching face of night.
Dusk falls. But look! The heaven is glory-lined.
Bright Afterglow! Poised like some high, white hope
Seen through the dark, by ancient hermit shrined,
Whose fingers for his rood in trembling grope!

Like day's sweet ghost thou comest, hovering nigh
To breathe thy benediction o'er earth's plain:
To bless love's toil, exultant youth's glad cry,
Hoar age, and faith triumphant over pain.
Thou spirit bright, who broodest on the deep
"Twixt life and that unfathomed vale beyond,
Who know'st the secret that the Ages keep
In truce with thee, inviolate, profound—

Linger awhile! If but one tender hour—
Till sense o'erleap this bourne of time and place;
For as we gaze, impassioned by thy power
We read our destiny within thy face.
Our spirits throb, our hearts beat high and free,
Soft wings about our panting breasts beat low;
Wrapt in the mystery of Eternity
We soar and rend the veil. Bright Afterglow!

—ELLA A. WHITMORE (Brandon).

